

Nautiscarader's Wendip Week prompt 3: Together

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Summary: Another typical afternoon spent on the rooftop. Or is it?

Nautiscarader's Wendip Week prompt 3: Together

Two teenage figures were relaxing in the afternoon sun on the rooftop of the Mystery Shack. If one noticed them, the silence between them could be mistaken for a sign of disdain, but a bit of patience would quickly dispel any doubts.

- Alright, I got one. - Wendy said, opening a fresh can of soda - I once wrestled a bear!

Upon hearing that, her younger friend quickly got up and turned his head towards her.

- Woah! Like, real, huge bear?

>- Yep. Well, I don't know how old it was. - she continued - And he promised not to use his claws, so you know, it wasn't *that* difficult.

Dipper kept staring at Wendy's nonchalant face, ready to hear any more information. It was a tough turn for Dipper in their vaunting game.

>The forest surrounding the small town of Gravity Falls abounded with all sort of oddities, from unusually-looking creatures to dimensional debris that wasn't completely sucked off during the last case of end of the world. So it wasn't unusual that at some point those brave enough to dabble with these anomalies would start keeping track of their adventures. So far Mabel and Dipper were tied at the top of their own leaderboard, although day-to-day changes would usually shake the result a little. At some point the twins invited others to see how much can, or has happened in their neighbourhood.<p>

- So, you fought a \_talking\_ bear. You sure it wasn't carrying a honey jar and was looking for Waddles?  
>- Ha-ha, very funny. - Wendy mocked him back - It was a tough fight and I got a scratch or two, but I won. Oh, and he wanted a revenge next day, so he found his way to my school. Best cancelled classes day ever!<p>

The two shared a laugh and clinked their cans of soda, celebrating another finished round. Dipper took another sip, when an idea struck him, as Wendy's story was quite similar to one of his own.

- Okay... I once ventured into the lair of the Manotaurs and was told to kill a multibear to prove how manly I am! - he exclaimed - Not just a bear, a multibear! Try to top that, Wendy.  
>- And? - she said indifferently - I remember him safe and sound in the shack, so what happened?<p>

Dipper's triumphant smile quickly disappeared when he realised that bragging about a trial that was supposed to prove his manliness but ended with him admitting his odd taste of music wasn't the best choice.

- Uh, I-I kinda traded some old cassettes with him.

He lowered his head in discouragement, but quickly raised it up and stretched the edges of his shirt.

- But I got my first chest hair!

Wendy couldn't help but giggle when she saw that Dipper's story as true; the single hair on his chest was difficult to miss, as it was circled with what looked like a red crayon.

- Alright man, I believe ya'.

Another minute or so passed, as the two youngsters kept staring at the treetops of the forest slowly merging with the darkening skyline.

- I... I was cutting trees once, and my axe fell into a lake. - she started

>- The same one with the Head Beast?<br>- Yeah. So, I was going to take a leap into the lake... but instead this ghost appeared.  
>- A ghost? - Dipper inquired, happy that sudden twist in the story prevented him from imagining her white top getting all wet.<br>- Yeah, like a spring spirit, or something. And he had an axe in his hands, all golden! And he was like "I see that you are in peril, so I came to help you". And I was like: "No, dude, I'm not". And he was like "I see that you are an honest worker that rely on this axe to support your family". And I was like "No, my dad's got a company and I have two part-time jobs.". And he kept going, and asked "Was this the axe you lost?"

As Wendy's story progressed, Dipper's eyes were getting bigger and bigger, waiting for her story to conclude.

- So, what did you say?

>- I said "No", but he dived again, this time with a silver one, and I said "No" again, so he \*finally\* got my axe, but then gave me these other two as well.<br>- That's amazing! - Dipper shouted - What did

you do with them? Please don't tell me you gave them to Stan.  
>- Of course not. - She chided him. - I told him that gold and silver are lower on the Mohs' scale of hardness, so they are crap compared to steel, and threw them into the lake.<p>

She kept drinking her soda, without realising that her friend stayed petrified next to her for almost solid minute. The sound of an aluminium can getting crushed between her hands brought him back to his senses.

- But.... you could have just sold them!  
>- Yeah, I guess. If I could go back in time, I'd probably do that.<p>

Her words echoed through Dipper's mind, as one very vibrant memory flowed to the top. This time, however, every other detail accompanied it as well, and Dipper's conflicting emotions made him think twice before speaking about his adventure.

- Well, we travelled through time once.  
>- Woah, for real? - Wendy nearly spilled her drink hearing that feat  
- How did that happen?<br>- We... we kinda stole a time machine from this guy that accidentally landed here, and...  
>- A time machine? How did it look like?<br>- A measuring tape.

It was time for Wendy to keep staring at her conversation partner in disbelief. After all, measuring tape was the least expected form of a time machine.

- And then we kinda messed up with the time travel, and had to back and forth, and we lost some calculators, and then we ended up in the future and almost got executed for that.  
>- Wait, how did that happen?<p>

Dipper turned his eyes away.

- Do you really wanna know?  
>- Dude, I'm gonna punch if you won't tell me. Did that have anything to do with Bill? Don't tell me you saved the world twice and kept quiet about that.<p>

He gulped the last sip of his drink before finally opening up.

- Because I wanted to go on a date with you.

Wendy listened as Dipper went on, telling her the story of her not-so-accidental accident, getting reminded of her unfortunate days spend with Robbie as a result, and how Dipper apparently learned calculus in order to win a plush mascot for her.

- Hang on... I don't get it. - Wendy interrupted his confession - So how come I ended up with the black eye?  
>- Cause in the same timeline Mabel did not win Waddles, Pacifica did. And I had to decide whether to let Mabel have her friend, or rig the game in my favour. - Dipper quietly ended.<p>

Two teenage figures were relaxing in the afternoon sun on the rooftop of the Mystery Shack. If one noticed them, the silence between them could be mistaken for a sign of disdain, but a bit of patience would quickly dispel any doubts. One could also be forgiven for thinking

there was only one person lying there, as it took a minute or two before Wendy moved her face from Dipper's and let him catch a breath after a rather long period when she pressed her lips to his. By the end of this summer it mattered not who won the competition, as from this day onwards Dipper and Wendy knew they were going to have much more adventures together than anybody else anyway.

End  
file.